Wichita Eagle

IN LOVE'S HANDS.

A LEGEND OF PENSACOLA—BY MAURICE THOMPSON.

CHAPTER III.

"Speak and let me live."

The 17th day of September, 1719, dawned on the bay of Pensacola with a slight fog, dim and gray, hovering over the water and fringing with fantastic trailing festoons the shores of the island. The fort on the hill behind the town loomed up quite grandly and showed the projecting muzzles of its heavy guns, while the fleet in the bay and the earthworks on the island gave an appearance of great military strength to the little Spanish post. Doubtless a feeling of perfect security possessed the garrison, for there was no sign of unusual vigilance, albeit on the evening before some Indian runners had come in to assure them that the French were advancing by both land and sea.

The commandant at Pensacola was not aware that the Compte de Champmeslin had re-enforced Bienville's little army at Mobile with a fleet of three ships of the line, nor that a strong force of Indians had been induced to join in an expedition against Pensacola by land. The routine of military discipline was kept up in a perfunctory way, while both the officers and men of the Spanish garrison gave themselves over to the dreamy and relaxing influence of the climate. When off duty they lounged in picturesque groups under the grateful shade of the trees, or sought the rude amusements offered by the low roofed buildings wherein gaming and drinking were indulged in by the very officers whose orders prohibited such indulgence.

To Pauline life grew more irksome and depressing day by day. After the interview recorded in the foregoing chapter she saw no more of Cortes for a long time. The Dona Hortense, after exhausting every means in her power to distract the girl's thoughts from the subject of going to Mobile, had given over the task in bitter grief and disappointment. This gave Don Alphonso most excellent excuse, as he seemed to think, for much sarcasm at his wife's expense.

"Your daughter," he was fond of saying, "is certainly a model of dutifulness and gratitude. Just see how she honors all your wishes."

"She is a girl, Alphonso, as I was once a girl. She has seen a man to love, as I did. He has beckoned, as you did, and she would follow, as did I. Will you tell me how much I honored my mother's wishes when"——

"Not much when you married me. That is true," he interrupted with a laugh which was devoid of mirth. "But after all have you not done fairly well?"

"Perhaps then Pauline might do fairly well if she could go to her lover."

"Let her go to him; her lover is Capt. Cortes."

"She does not love him."

"Well, but she ought to love him; her life is his, he snatched it from the very jaws of death. It is base ingratitude, it is soulless perfidy, in her to reject him."

"You do not understand women."

"Yes, I understand them. This is no very rare instance of their utter lack of a high sense of obligation. Every dictate of conscience, every impulse of unselfishness would force a high souled woman in Pauline's place to give herself to the one who so nobly earned the right to her love."

"But she loves another."

"Loves another? There is the gross selfishness I spoke of. She is thinking all the time of herself. That's the way with a woman. True gratitude, noble unselfishness would address itself to considering the happiness of her chivalrous and brave deliverer. All she cares for, however, is to gratify her own love."

"And what a terrible mistake she sometimes makes by so doing!"

"Granted," said Don Alphonso, rising and making a superb obeisance before his wife. He took his departure without further remark.

Pauline was compelled to overhear most of this conversation, as she sat in an adjoining room, and it came just at the moment when it could affect her most strangely. With the swiftness of light her thoughts flashed back over all the kindness and unselfish nobleness of Cortes, from the moment when he took her in his arms amid the boiling waves down to the present, and something like a chill of self abhorrence ran through her breast. She had not been kind to Cortes, nay, she had been bitterly unkind to him, it now seemed to her. She had been absorbed in herself without room in her heart for any thought, save that of "gratifying her own love," as Don Alphonso had said. How far from home she was, and all alone, with such a burden in her heart! The tension upon her nerves was greater now than at the time when she was clinging to the splintered spar in midsea. Again and again the words of young Cortes came to her: "I would sacrifice more than life, I would cast away honor, for you!" His proud, fine, passionate face, with its sudden flash of strange pallor after its heat of momentary anger, haunted her vision. She had not expected to see him again; but early on the morning of the 17th he came to the house and asked to see her.

She met him with distrust of both herself and him. He was pale and his eyes showed that recently he had been suffering.

"I have come, mademoiselle," he began at once, speaking in the manner of one who acts under the force of ill suppressed emotion with the necessity of haste upon him, "I have come to do what I cannot help doing, what I have struggled not to do, but what cannot be resisted. Mademoiselle, I love you." In the old knightly style he went down upon his knee, his sword clanking against the floor. "I adore you, and I must tell you so. What word have you for me, mademoiselle? Speak and let me live or die."

Pauline could not command herself. She sat silent, the stupor of an overwhelming embarrassment upon her.

"I have tried to stay away from you," he went on, "but I have not been able to do it. You have filled my whole life; I can think of nothing but you. Oh, mademoiselle, mademoiselle, do not hate me, do not spurn me when I love you so!"

"I do not hate you, I do not spurn you, Capt. Cortes," she exclaimed, the effort sending a rich sympathetic timbre into her voice. "You have been so noble and so good—you have done so much for me."

His face took on a look of hope and he reached forth his hand to take hers.

In those days melodramatic things did happen. The jarring thunder of a heavy cannon rolled up from the bay and shook the house from roof to foundation. Another and another crash were followed by the heavy pounding sound of falling round shot. Cortes was too good a soldier not to respond instantly to the summons of battle. In a moment he had sprung to his feet and was standing in a hearkening attitude. Like some perfect actress in a tragedy, more than like a startled girl in real life, Pauline sprang forward and flung out her arms with a cry more of joy than of terror.

"They have come! They are here!" she exclaimed. "They have attacked the town!"

Cortes did not hear her words; he saw only her wondrously lovely face and her arms outstretched toward him.

"Darling!" he cried, and clasped her close to his bosom.

Again, like the bursting of a thunder storm, the cannons roared out their startling detonations. Trumpets were sounding and in every direction arose the noise and bustle of soldiery making ready for battle.

Cortes pressed one long kiss upon Pauline's lips and rushed forth to do his duty, leaving the dazed and trembling girl standing in the middle of the room.

The fleet of the Compte de Champmeslin had sailed into the bay and was pouring broadside after broadside against the slight works on the island, while at the same time Bienville, at the head of 600 men, was hastening by land to attack the fort on the hill behind the town.

The Dona Hortense, very little excited by an experience not in the least new to her, came into the room and put her motherly arms around Pauline. The girl returned the caress with a fervor born of the emotion that was making wild tumult in her breast. To her every cannon shot as it bellowed and boomed told a sweet story of hope and love. She fancied that it was Louis Doucet's hand that was firing every gun; she even imagined that she could hear his voice, vague and far, but clear and sweet above the general din, calling to her to have courage.

"He is coming! He is here!" she cried with her head on the dona's shoulder.

"Be quiet, my child," was the calm answer; "we cannot know what may be the end of this."

They went to the window and looked out to see the heavy ships drawing in toward the town and firing as they came. The Spanish fleet was at anchor close to the main land shore in such a position that its guns were unavailable. Soon enough the battery on the island was quite silenced, while at the same time arose the sound of guns and musketry in the direction of the fort on the hill.

The dona recognized the battle yell of the Indians who were fighting under Bienville. She had heard that savage cry before, and knew well its meaning.

"The Holy Virgin shield us if they succeed," she murmured, showing excitement for the first time.

"Oh, but they must succeed, they must not fail!" cried Pauline. "And see! the ships are taking down their colors—the French have won! Oh, Louis! Louis!"

In the hysteria of her joy she turned and ran out of the house and down the little street toward the strand.

Boats well manned were putting out from the French vessels to come ashore. Meantime the firing at the fort on the hill was thick and heavy, and the Indian allies of Bienville were making the air hideous with their howling.

Pauline had rarely been abroad in Pensacola, and the streets, such as they were, were quite unfamiliar to her. She had run forth without any definite object in view, though a vaguely outlined thought of finding Louis Doucet among the assailing soldiers was certainly uppermost in her mind. The dona followed her, but so swiftly did she fly she was soon out of sight.

"Oh, my poor, poor child," wailed the old woman, stopping all out of breath and wringing her hands.

While she stood there Capt. Cortes, leading a small body of men, approached her. The intrepid young officer, seeing that his vessel must fall into the enemy's hands, had hurried his crew into the small boats and brought them ashore with a view to taking possession of a small block house in the upper part of the town.

"You here!" he exclaimed with the bluntness and sternness of authority. "And where is Mlle. Pauline?"

"Mademoiselle, come with me."

"She is gone—I do not know where—she ran away— Oh! Oh!" moaned the trembling and weeping woman.

"Gone!" he echoed. "Gone! which way? Where? Tell me—be quick!"

Dona Hortense simply lifted her hands and closed them over her ears, as if to shut out the dreadful sounds of the fighting. The earth seemed to rock and palpitate; the air was sulphurous with the drifting films of powder smoke.

"Yonder is the young lady," exclaimed one of the men, pointing with his cutlass.

Pauline was standing in the middle of the little street apparently bewildered. Her head was bare and her long bright hair was floating on the wind. She was an apparition to make a man forget battle and danger and death. Cortes ran to her and laid his hand on her arm.

"Mademoiselle," he said, very firmly, but with infinite tenderness, "come with me."

Then he turned to his men and bidding them follow, he started toward the block house.

Suddenly he thought of the dona. Delay was full of danger at the moment, but he halted again and sent a man to bring the old woman, who still stood weeping where he had left her.

As the little company resumed its march toward the block house, a great increase of the din was observable up at the fort and at the same time a body of men came charging down the street that ran from the hill to the beach of the bay. This was a small detachment of French soldiers, headed by a tall young officer, who swung his sword around his head and encouraged his followers by the most vivacious example and spirit.

Cortes saw that it was too late to reach the block house. He quickly put the women in the rear and formed his men.

Pauline's eyes had seen and recognized the young French leader.

"Oh, Louis! Louis!" Cortes heard her cry out. "Here I am. Come! Come!"

Did the French officer also really hear her? It appeared so, for with a loud shout he leaped forward and hurled himself with his men down upon the now closely marshaled Spaniards. In an instant had begun a close and deadly struggle, a hand to hand combat with sword and musket butt.

CHAPTER IV.

Pauline found herself in the arms of her watchful guardian, the dona, who was praying and crying at the same time. They were rudely pressed backward by the recoil of the men when the French detachment struck them at full charge. There was a crash of blows and a volley of horrible oaths mingled with cries of rage and pain. A man came reeling out of the crowd and fell at Pauline's feet, where he writhed for a moment, with the blood leaping from a wound in his neck, and died face downward, biting the sand of the street.

The nearest house was a low mud daubed structure, the rudest form of dwelling in use by the colonists. The door stood open with the threshold on the level of the ground. Into this dark room Dona Hortense pushed Pauline, just in time to escape a volley of pistol shots fired by a half dozen of the Frenchmen. The Compte de Champmeslin had run his ships in close to the mainland, and now began raking the town with broadsides at short range. The balls went bounding along the ground and tearing through the frail buildings, with that peculiar suggestion of resistless energy so well remembered by every experienced soldier. The roof overhead was shattered. Down from a long, ragged, diagonal rent fell a shower of boards and splinters.

"Holy Mary, save us!" prayed the dona, sinking upon her knees and lifting her clenched hands.

Pauline, strange to say, felt no fear. From the beginning she had been in that numb and bewildered state which often comes upon one in the midst of overwhelming danger. She went to the doorway and looked out. The combatants, French and Spanish, were all mingled together, fighting hand to hand, without regard for discipline or order. Blows were falling thick and fast; swords clashed with swords; clubbed blunderbuses rose and fell with such sounds as would, under ordinary circumstances, sicken the strongest heart. She looked on, possessed by a subtile fascination, feeling little of the true horror of the occasion. With the strange double power of the mind at such times she was noting every detail of the struggle before her, while at the same instant she remembered all the long series of events by which she had been led to take upon herself this life of incomparable excitement and danger. The vines and gardens of Provence, with the roses and the odors; the dear old days of love and joy; the sunshine, the shade, the moonlight on the dusky orchards; the church bells and all the sweet incidents and accidents of home life, came upon the field of her vision and shimmered before her, dreamlike and yet so real, a fine idealization of her girlhood's dearest experiences.

Through the roar of cannon and the clangor of swords, above the yelling of wild savages and the oaths of Christians, she heard the bubbling of the Rhone and the mellow songs of the nightingales in the leafy, odorous closes beyond the Avignon. Sweet words that Louis Doucet had murmured in her ear, the pressure of his hand, the betrothal kiss, a thousand touches of sentiment and of gentle romance thrilled her again. And yet there were the pools of blood in the street, red pools that slowly sank away into the sand, and there were the fiercely struggling men trampling their dying fellows as they fought. Strange that the fragrance of the early autumn roses growing and blowing in a neighboring plot should have impressed her senses at such a time, but the sweet breath came over the scene of terrible passion and brought into her consciousness its touch of pleasure despite the awful strain of what she was witnessing.

Louis Doucet and Capt. Cortes met face to face and crossed swords near the middle of the little street. The Spaniard knew his man. Pauline's cry of recognition awhile ago had told him who was the swift footed and handsome young leader of the French detachment. As for Doucet, he knew nothing more than that an enemy worthy of his steel was before him. A voice that he had heard a few moments before had seemed to him to utter his name with a sweet tenderness that recalled in some strange way the homesickness of his first year of absence from France. It was no time for gentle reflections now; the voice could not really have called him, he thought, and the mere flash of nostalgie passed as quickly as it came. His sword rang sharp and clear on that of Cortes. The two men glared at each other, the concentrated hatred of years of war and hardship burning in their eyes. The meaning of such a look can never fall short of death.

They were well matched in every way. Cortes was a trifle the taller, but Doucet appeared rather more compactly built than his adversary. Both were sufficiently heated by previous exertion to make their blood swift and their muscles ready.

No time was lost; the fight was desperate from the beginning, neither combatant at first thinking of anything but rushing upon and bearing down the other. Both, however, discovered very soon that it was necessary to have a care for self defense as well as for attack. They fenced furiously and adroitly, neither giving an inch, utterly forgetful of what was going on around them, their whole souls focused, so to speak, in the one desire to kill and, by killing, to live.

Cortes was aware that Pauline was near by and probably looking on. The thought in some way nerved him powerfully. She should not see Louis Doucet vanquish him; he would show her that a Spaniard for once was superior to a Frenchman.

Doucet had no such extra stimulus; but his was an iron frame, and his coolness and courage needed no aid when a Spaniard dared cross weapons with him. With the dexterity drawn from long practice and with the fierce fury of young tigers thirsting for each other's blood, they struggled back and forth and round and round, while their companions, fighting quite as madly, swept on down the street, leaving them to occupy the already corpse cumbered and blood stained ground. In those days soldiers of the better class knew the use of the sword and were overproud of the knowledge. Under the excitement and exhilaration of a hand to hand combat the accomplished swordsman always feels that his strength is doubled; but the peculiar circumstances attending the struggle between Cortes and Doucet added immeasurably to this feeling. Each found the other an antagonist whose vigor and swiftness made every moment a crisis, and whose steadfast gaze caught in advance every motion of wrist or body. Cortes, in what may be safely called a sub-conscious way, recalled in the midst of the fight what he had said to Pauline about sacrificing life, and even his honor, to serve her. Strange that at the same time he could see, by indirect vision, just beyond Doucet a dead man lying on the sand in the road. The face was upturned and distorted, the arms outstretched. Like a dark shadow shot across his brain the thought: "Shall I soon be lying here in that condition?" It was not startling, it was more like an idle waft of suggestion, gone as soon as it came.

Both men became aware presently that the cannonading had ceased and that the rattle of muketry was no longer heard. A great calm had fallen after the storm—the battle was over and the Spanish, to the number of 1,800, had surrendered themselves prisoners of war.

One Spaniard, however, was not yet conquered; one Frenchman was still battling for victory.

CHAPTER V.

The Spaniard's blade found a bloody sheath.

Louis Doucet was the better swordsman, it appeared, when it came to the test of endurance and steadfastness of attention. It must have been that the knowledge of Pauline's presence and the thoughts engendered by the probability that she was witnessing the struggle somewhat distracted the nerve of Cortes, or it may have been the persistence of the dead man in lying there in the sand in the line of his vision, for he at last lost his guard and the quick point of Doucet's sword pierced his breast. He scarcely felt the wound, however, and quickly springing back he recovered himself and made a furious rush upon his antagonist.

It was at this moment that Doucet's eyes in some way caught a glimpse of Pauline's face as she stood in the low, dark doorway of the cabin. The glance cost him dear. With the celerity of light the Spaniard's blade found a bloody sheath.

Out from the doorway sprang the young girl, letting go a short wail and holding up her white arms as she flung herself between the bleeding men. The dona followed, calling upon the Virgin and laying hold of Cortes with a desperate energy.

It was too late now to renew the fight, for the loss of blood was making the limbs of Cortes sink under him. He turned blind and fell upon the sand pale and motionless.

Pauline had but time to throw her arms about her lover and call him by name, when he, too, sank down with the blood spurting from his wound.

Bienville, accompanied by a number of officers and a squad of soldiers for body guard, came along the street a little later and found the two women nursing the heads of the fallen men. He halted and made some inquiries, then ordering a surgeon and some attendants to remain and examine further, he passed on, going to have a conference with the Compte de Champmeslin.

Dona Hortense begged the surgeon to order the bleeding men taken to her house. She led the way, praying as she went.

Poor Pauline had fainted and was borne along in the arms of a stalwart soldier. It was a strange procession moving through the silent storm shattered town.

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It is recorded that Louis Doucet and Capt. Cortes both recovered; but Doucet was never afterward able to be a soldier, though he lived to be a very old man. He and Pauline were married at Mobile by a priest called Father Roman, and soon afterward they returned to France and made their home in Provence amid the scenes of their childhood and in the very house made holy to them by their betrothal. The legend further says that their children numbered eleven, seven of which were sons, the others, presumably, were girls.

The subsequent career of Capt. Cortes is not certainly known, but in an old though not well authenticated chronicle preserved at Seville mention is made of an officer of that name who, "after valiant services in the Floridas and in many other countries wherein he followed the Holy Cross, was granted an estate in Mexico near by Vera Cruz, where he lived and died unmarried, always true to his king and to the holy church, and it was the proceeds of his estate, bequeathed for the purpose, that built the Convent of the Sacred Heart."

Recently, while sojourning in Pensacola I spent some golden April days, with the record in my hand, trying to locate, as near as possible, the exact spot whereon Doucet and Cortes fought and fell. If ever you chance to visit that picturesque and charming little city by the gulf, it may please you to walk up the main street toward the site of the old fort on the hill. When you reach a rather narrow, flower fringed cross street about half way on your journey, turn into it to the right and go forward until you come to a small garden on the left. On the flank of this garden, or flower plot, you will see a low, home like, old fashioned cottage, over whose wide veranda climbs a rose vine of wonderful luxuriance heavy with masses of strangely fragrant roses.

Standing on the sidewalk nearly in front of this cottage, turn your face toward the bay and let your eyes seek and rest upon the tallest spire in sight. This done, let your gaze fall straight down until it reaches the ground some ten yards in front of you. That is the spot. Near by is a mulberry tree, a little beyond stands a clump of oleander with a hedge of spirea and crape myrtle straggling away from it. You will feel the breeze from the buccaneer islands blowing over you, a mockingbird will sing in the moss hung live oak yonder, the bay will glimmer and toss its foaming waves, and over all will hang a sky as blue and pure as that of Provence itself.

One hundred and seventy years may not be a large part of the past, but certainly large enough to have compassed the growth of the greatest nation of the earth. If in telling this story I have preserved one incident of that history, surely the telling has not been in vain. Such bits of romance serve to show us how far our civilization is removed from that which molded the lives and directed the loves of those whose fortunes I have found it a pleasure to record.

THE END.

Unsafe.

Some people seem to have a special faculty for bumping their heads, stubbing their toes and falling over things. With the Vernons this might fairly have been called a family trait. The father, the daughter and the two boys literally went stumbling through the world, Mrs. Vernon herself being the only one whose feet did not appear to be all the time standing in slippery places.

Once there was a singular crisis of accident in the family, a veritable epidemic as it were.

Mr. Vernon gave himself a black eye on the corner of the basement door, coming up from a visit to the furnace; Hattie, in opening the stubborn sliding doors of the library, was thrown against the wall in their sudden liberation under her efforts and hurt her forehead; John rushed against his bedroom door in the darkness on his way for his slippers, and was upset with bruises, and Frank tripped over the attic threshold and fell down the attic stairs.

Mrs. Vernon administered arnica and sympathy for two days; then she quietly made a trip to the upholsterer's, and one evening that same week, when her family arrived from office and school, they found portieres instead of doors all through the house.

"They are very pretty, mamma," said her husband, "but why such a sudden innovation?"

"I've long wanted them myself," answered Mrs. Vernon, "but I felt at last that they had become a necessity. Dear, literal old Mrs. Hotchkins was in to see me the day after you all got hurt, and I was giving her an account of your woes, and she said: 'Well, now, I must say, Mis' Vernon, that with a family like yours, doors are dretful dangerous things to have in the house!' "

"And so," laughed her husband, "the portieres are put in to protect us from the dangerous doors!"—Youth's Companion.

Children of the Future.

It is a dreadful point about microbes that the only way to avoid having them in a virulent form is to have them in an artificial or attenuated form. The children of the future will not run through the present gamut of infantile disease, but they will probably be subjected to inoculation with various microbes every few months. First, they will be vaccinated for smallpox; when they have recovered from that they will be taken to a Pasteur institute to have a mild form of rabies. Next they will be given a dose of the comma bacilli to prevent cholera, and so on through all the evergrowing series of disease microbes. Oh! luckless child of the future! you will never be ill and never be well; your health will be awfully monotonous; you will never know the weariness of the first night of measles, when it was so nice to lie in mother's lap and feel her cool hand on your forehead; you will never know the joys of convalescence, when oranges were numerous and every one was kind to you because you were not well; and your end will be to die of debility. How glad we are that we live in the present, with all its ups and downs of health to lend variety to life and death.—Hospital.

Splitting Diamonds.

"Do you know that a diamond has a grain or cleavage just the same as a piece of wood, mineral or crystalline substance?" said a diamond broker to a reporter. "It is possible to split or divide one into two or more pieces. Sometimes a large piece is removed at once from a gem by splitting, but it is a process attended with much risk.

"To accomplish this the stone is carefully studied, and, its line of cleavage ascertained, it is placed in hardened cement, in the proper position, and the sharp edge of a steel chisel resembling a razor is carefully adjusted so that the division will be at the points desired, and a smart rap with a hammer is given it. Perhaps no more costly blow may be struck in any mechanical work than this, for in manipulating a large diamond, if it is unskillfully given, a gem of several thousand dollars' value will be spoiled."—New York Mail and Express.

LIGHT AND AIRY.

Wasn't It?

"Oh, Frank, dear, what is a receipt?"
She asked me—(she looked very sweipt—
Her directness, it fitted so neipt—
She's stylish from brow to her feipt).
"I'll explain," I said, "fair Margueireipt."
So I placed my arm round her—'twas neipt,
For you see we were but in the streipt,
But in a nice shaded retreipt)—
And I kissed her—good gracious, 'twas sweipt!
She returned it. "Now that's a receipt
In full," I said. Wasn't that neipt?
—E. A.

[Oh! what an outrageous deceipt.
How foolish and how indiscreet.—Ed.]

No Sentiment About Her.

He (after being accepted)—And what kind of a ring am I to buy for you, my darling?

She—Well, I like the one I wore last year ever so much. I will give you Charlie's address. Perhaps you will be able to buy the ticket from him at a bargain.—Epoch.

Her Mother's Ghost.

A marriage which was to have taken place at Campden the other night, was interrupted in an unexpected way. The contracting parties, Henry Brown and Miss Mary Morgan, stood before Rev. Mr. Clayton, preparatory to becoming man and wife. A portion of the service had been already read, about fifty witnesses being present, when the bride uttered a loud scream. All eyes were immediately fixed upon her. She was seen to raise her hand and point toward a corner of the church. The next moment she fell on the floor in a swoon and had to be carried out. Physicians worked with her for nearly an hour before she was restored to consciousness. When fully recovered she gave a curious explanation of her conduct. Her mother, who died four months ago, was opposed to her marriage with Brown. The marriage was for a time delayed, but after Mrs. Morgan's death arrangements for it were pushed. Miss Morgan says that just when she was about to pronounce the binding words she raised her eyes and saw her mother's ghost; then she fainted. The wedding was postponed for several days.—New York Journal.

Sat On.

"I think that's a very pretty piece of music," he remarked, self complacently, after he had thrummed away at the piano for fifteen minutes. "Which part do you like best?"

"The part you didn't play," replied the fair girl, and he went forth into the world, for he knew he hadn't the ghost of a chance there.—Lawrence American.

She Led Him Up to It.

Tramp—Madam, have you anything for me this morning?

Housewife—We've a little something in the barrel; but I am afraid it's as heavy as lead.

Tramp—(smiling)—I think I can digest it, madam. Where is the barrel?

Housewife—Hitched to the gun.—Puck.

Very High Art.

Mrs. Kawler—What is your son doing now, Mrs. Stayathome?

Mrs. Stayathome—He, O, he is—er, practicing high art at present.

Mrs. K.—Indeed!

"Yes, he is doing ceiling painting."—Lawrence American.